

The New Era

DEVOTED TO NEWS, POLITICS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, EDUCATION AND AGRICULTURE.

"GIVE ME THE LIBERTY TO KNOW, TO UTTER, AND TO ARGUE FREELY, ACCORDING TO CONSCIENCE, ABOVE ALL OTHER LIBERTY."

VOL. VII. NO. 2. NEWMARKET, C. W., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1858. WHOLE NO. 314.

Business Directory.

W. HOLLEY,
CONVEYANCER AND LAND AGENT,
Commissioner in the Queen's Bench,
Office on Yonge Street,
Aurora, 25th May, 1855. (1-17)

ALFRED BERRY,
HOUSE, SIGN, CARRIAGE,
AND
ORNAMENTAL PAINTER.
Aurora, 30th April, 1857. (1-13)

P. W. BATHURST,
TEACHER of Music, Newmarket, C. W. Pianos
tuned to order, in Town or Country, at the
shortest notice. Residence—House of Mr. Brodie,
Newmarket, Sept. 6, 1855. (1-18)

J. SEXTON,
WATCH and Clock Maker, Main Street New-
market. All kinds of Watches and Clocks
repaired in order, and warranted.
WANTED—An Apprentice to learn the Business,
Newmarket, September 9, 1855. (1-32)

BIBLE DEPOSITORY.
BIBLES and Testaments can be had at Society's
prices, upon application to Thomas Nixon, at the
Bible Depository, opposite Hewitt's Shop,
Newmarket, March 26, 1856. (1-16)

GEORGE B. HUTCHCROFT,
Wagon, Carriage & Sleigh Maker,
MAIN STREET NEWMARKET. All Orders executed
with Despatch.
Newmarket, Feb. 18, 1856. (1-25)

THE Undersigned respectfully intimates to his
friends and the public generally that he has
lately opened a
WAGON AND CARRIAGE SHOP,
In his new premises, Simcoe Street, near the
Catholic Church, where will be prepared to execute
all orders with which he may be favored, with
neatness, durability and despatch.
Call and examine the work and hear the prices
before purchasing elsewhere.
ROBERT MURRAY,
Newmarket, May 29, 1856. (1-17)

THOMAS NIXON,
Licensed Auctioneer,
For the Townships of Whitby, King and
East Guilford.
GRODS of all description sold on Commission,
at the Auction Mart of the Salesman, at the
First Monday of every Month.
Auction Sales attended in the above Townships.
Newmarket, Feb. 19, 1857. (1-2)

DR. BENTLEY,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR,
NEWMARKET,
Office—Water Street, foot of Main Street.
Feb. 28, 1857. (1-2)

Franklin House,
Corner of
Seneca & Elliott Streets, Buffalo, N. Y.
PROPRIETOR.
E. YOUNGLOVE AND G. E. L. JACKSON.

HOLLAND LANDING,
LICENSED AUCTIONEERS for the Counties
of York, Ontario and Simcoe. All Or-
ders punctually attended.
CONFECTIONERY.
M. A. M. Hall
RESIDE in Newmarket, and in the public that
they will be prepared to supply the public with
all kinds of confectionery, and other articles,
at the lowest prices.
Newmarket, Feb. 7, 1857. (1-22)

Armstrong House,
ADDING THE RAILWAY DEPOT!
And nearest to the Steamboat Landing,
COLLINGWOOD.
G. W. ARMSTRONG, PROPRIETOR.
July 3, 1857. (1-23)

Just Printed,
AND FOR Sale at this Office, BEING MARSHALL
Certificates, adapted to the use of Ministers
of all Denominations. Price 10 per dozen, or 30
per 100.
Newmarket, March 26, 1857. (1-24)

MILLINERY.
THE MISS VERNONS
HAVING opened a Millinery and Dress-making
Establishment, nearly opposite the North
American Hotel, Newmarket, solicits the patronage
of the Ladies.
Newmarket, May 29, 1857. (1-17)

RAILROAD HOTEL,
NEWMARKET.
THE proprietor having again returned the above
HOTEL, respectfully intimates to the travelling
public that the premises have undergone thorough
repairs, and he is now prepared to receive the
public. The DAN contains liquors of the best
brands, and the Landlord well supplied.
JAS. FORSYTH,
Newmarket, Oct. 14, 1857. (1-37)

G. A. WALLACE,
BARBER,
Two doors North of M. W. Hogart's Store,
MAIN STREET NEWMARKET.
Newmarket, Oct. 2nd, 1857. (1-24)

Newmarket Iron Foundry.
JAMES ALLAN begs to return thanks for
past favors, and to intimate that he is pre-
pared to cast STOVES, SUGAR KETTLES,
MACHINE CASTINGS, and other articles
usually required in his line of business.
A number of SUGAR KETTLES,
STOVES, and PLOUGHS, on hand for sale,
Newmarket, February 10th 1858. (1-1)

Business Directory.

John T. Stokes,
ROHITECT &c. &c. Canada West
Sharon, Jan. 25, 1856. (1-31)

GEO. HUGHES,
COMMISSIONER for taking Affidavits in the
Queen's Bench, for the Counties of York, Peel
and Simcoe, Courthouse, &c. &c.
Brimleyville, April, 1857. (1-14)

T. Bishop & Son,
BRICK-LAYERS, Plasterers and Stone Masons.
Office in Lane, &c. &c.
Main Street, Newmarket, May 7, 1857. (1-14)

Dr. E. VERNON,
—AURORA—
RESIDENCE—formerly occupied by Dr. Gei-
ser.
Aurora, March 11, 1857. (1-6)

CHARLES MORTIMER, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR,
AURORA. (1-16)

DR. M. RANNEY,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR,
SHARON. (1-16)

A. BOULTBEE,
BARRISTER, Solicitor in Chancery, Conveyancer,
&c. &c. Newmarket.
Newmarket, Oct. 5th, 1855. (1-26)

R. MOORE,
BARRISTER, Solicitor in Chancery, Attorney
at Law, &c. &c. Office in the New Court
House, next to the County Council Office, Toronto.
Toronto, June 5, 1857. (1-23)

JOHN E. JONES,
BARRISTER-at-Law, Solicitor in Chancery,
Conveyancer, &c. &c. Office in the New Court
House, corner of Yonge and Adelaide Streets, Toronto.
Toronto, June 20, 1855. (1-23)

NORTH RICHARDSON,
CONVEYANCER, Land Agent, &c. Commis-
sioner in the Queen's Bench. Office—Old
Stand, Prospect Street, Toronto.
Newmarket, 1855. (1-1)

INTERNATIONAL
Life Assurance Society of London,
Capital—Half-a-Million Sterling.
ROBERT H. SMITH,
Agent.
Newmarket, Nov. 3, 1855. (1-41)

DR. PYNE,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND ACCOUCHEUR,
RESPECTFULLY informs the public, that he has
REMOVED to his new premises on Lydia
Street, opposite the Woolen Factory, where he may
be consulted at all hours, except when absent on
professional business.
Newmarket, May 14, 1856. (1-15)

DR. HACKETT,
PHYSICIAN, SURGEON, ACCOUCHEUR, &c.
RESIDENCE—Prospect Street, (Garbutt Hill),
Newmarket. (1-26)

A. J. McCracken,
CARRIAGE MAKER, NEWMARKET,
HAVING recently located in this place will
keep constantly on hand a general assortment
of CARRIAGES, such as
BAROUCHES, ROCK-A-WAYS,
&c. &c. Repairing done in a neat and substantial
manner. (1-1)

SHOP, ON MAIN STREET,
Three doors South of the New Era Printing Office
Newmarket, April 15, 1857. (1-11)

DONALD SUTHERLAND,
WATER STREET, NEWMARKET,
IMPORTER AND DEALER IN
Dry-Goods, Groceries, Hardware,
BOOTS & SHOES,
Ready-Made Clothing,
Hosiery, Glass and Earthenware.
(1-27)

Unity Fire and Unity
General Insurance Associations,
OF ENGLAND,
FOR every description of Fire and Life Assur-
ance. Capital, £2,500,000 Sterling.
Chief Offices—Unity Buildings, London St., Lon-
don, England.
Toronto Branch—Toronto Street
T. W. MARSDEN,
Agent for the Counties of York and Simcoe.
Newmarket, July 31, 1857. (1-25)

ROBERT BRODIE,
BUILDER, &c.
In returning thanks for the liberal patronage be-
stowed during the past few years, respectfully
intimates that he is now prepared to contract for the
ERECTION OF BUILDINGS,
and when required, And all Materials. Sharon
Water Street.
Newmarket, Oct. 5th, 1855. (1-38)

E. D. ROGERS,
JOINED AND CARPENTER,
In returning thanks for the liberal patronage con-
ferred since commencing business in this place,
most respectfully intimates that he is prepared to
contract for the
ERECTION OF BUILDINGS,
and all descriptions of furniture and other arti-
cles, and is now prepared to receive the public.
All orders executed in a neat and substantial manner,
and with dispatch.
Newmarket, Sept. 24, 1857. (1-24)

Mr. ESTEN,
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYOR.
OFFICE—Next door to Mr. Boulton's Law Of-
fice, Eagle Street, Newmarket.
October 22, 1857. (1-38)

RYAN & HALLAN,
CIVIL ENGINEERS,
AND
PROVINCIAL LAND SURVEYORS.
Office—Newmarket, County of York
JOHN RYAN. B. W. HALLAN.
November 23, 1857. (1-49)

Poetry.

The Dying Girl to Her Mother.
BY JANE HAYDON.

My life is ebbing fast, mother,
Soon with my fading breath,
Be hushed forever still, mother,
In the cold grasp of death;
I hear the angels' lyre, mother,
Their wings are o'er me spread;
And ere the morn shall dawn, mother,
I'll be with the dead.

Oh I weep not for me, mother,
Sorrow will be at rest,
In realms of joy above, mother,
With my dear Saviour blest.
We part but for a time, mother—
On that celestial shore,
We'll meet there again, mother,
To part no more.

No pain will cross me there, mother,
Nor death will never stray
Unto that land of bliss, mother,
To call us home away;
There all our troubles end, mother,
And joy forever more
Awaits our coming there, mother,
Oa that blessed, happy shore.

Then mourn not for me, mother,
For I'm going home—
Where angels shall their notes, mother,
And death shall never come;
And thou wilt come to me, mother,
On that fair land to dwell;
Until I meet thee there, mother,
Till then—till then—farewell.

Literature.

A Life Sketch.

"Tom Dudley is a disagreeable man," re-
marked Mrs. Smith to her husband one day—
"He abused every one."
"He's a disagreeable man," was the reply.
"Disagreeable?" said Mrs. Smith, "what
right has he to be disagreeable? what are his
claims to anything more than he has?"
"Well, I hardly know, but somehow when
we were young we all expected Dudley to be
a figure in the world and why he has
not done so I don't know, and what is worse,
he seems to be sinking deeper and deeper in
the mire."

"I'll tell you," said Mrs. Smith, "he's a
poor creature, there's no stigma in him. He
has no pride of mind or character. He
has been cursed with ambition without indus-
try. He is just one of those promising youths
who never come to anything, and take my
word for it, Mr. Smith, Tom Dudley, unless
he becomes less self-indulgent and makes up
to his course, will end his days in some public
institution."

Ten years after this conversation Mrs.
Smith took her only daughter, who was in
love with a "promising youth" whom her
parents disapproved, to visit the Inebriates'
Asylum at N—
Calling for the Superintendent she asked
for Mr. Dudley and was shown to his room.
Her young daughter accompanying her.
"Ten years of prosperity had ripened Mrs.
Smith's charms and the fine dignified look-
ing matron that greeted Tom Dudley looked like
an elder sister of the beautiful girl by her
side. Her heart had not hardened, but on the
contrary the sun of prosperity mellowed and
warmed it, and to Mrs. Smith was Dudley
indebted for many little luxuries and comforts
that found their way to his room."

Seated in a low cushioned chair was a thin
man apparently sixty years of age—his head
was bald with the exception of a few strag-
gling grizzled locks that framed his face, his
thin chin had fallen upon his breast, and with
his hands clasped in a listless way before him
he was apparently dozing as Mrs. Smith opened
the door.

Greeting the comers, she laid her hand upon
his arm, and with a cheerful tone asked after
his health.
He raised his head, and slaking it feebly,
only replied—
"Well, all right," and he fell to twirling his
thumb. To Mrs. Smith's remarks he paid
no attention and only manifested a degree of
interest as she placed a bowl of cigars and a
packet of snuff upon the table before him.

On her way home she related to her daugh-
ter the history of this "promising youth."
"You see him," she said, "a tall, wrinkled,
deceitful and infirm, and yet he is younger than
your father, and was as handsome and gay a
young man as any in the city of New York."
"When I was a girl, there was no one like
Tom Dudley. He graduated from college
with honors, and after travelling a few years
settled down in the city as junior partner in
his father's house. He had quick abilities,
and made a great show with the knowledge he
possessed. He scribbled a little, and took a
laughing tone of superiority, which with many
passed for talent. With wealth and position,
the polish and refinement of a gentleman, he
entered the best society and was sought by all."

"For thirty years of his life the world
seemed made for his pleasure and fortune.
When changed to him, he was under the ne-
cessity of crowding an inordinate portion of
evil into a small space, in order to make up
for lost time. The same day that brought
him intelligence of his father's death—for he
was at Saratoga when it occurred—also
brought him intelligence of the utter ruin of
his business. Unwieldy to business details—for
his father had been well content to retain the
harshness of active life, that his son might shine
in society, for which he thought him so well
fitted—he was powerless and paralyzed. To a
faithful old clerk, who had been an assistant
for more than thirty years in his father's house,
was he indebted for the small income that re-
mained to him after his affairs were settled.
To many young men it would have been a
competence, but to Dudley it was scarcely
enough to enable him to purchase luxuries
for his toilet."

"If he had really possessed a slice of the
talent or genius that in early life he had
credit for, or had even the independence of
mind to courage the world as a life of
industry and self-denial, he would have found
himself glad to aid him; but, instead, he re-
tained all of his old habits of luxury, gave up
some of his expensive ideas, but lived as he
had always been accustomed to do, and, of
course, without means. While those around
him were struggling for wealth, for honor, for
fame, he, inactive, lived a life of useless friv-
olity."

"About this time I was married to your
father, and lost sight of Tom Dudley, until
two years afterwards we heard that he had
married the richest heiress in New York.
She was a belle and a beauty, when we re-
turned to the city and formed her acquaint-
ance. I wondered how she ever came to love
the superficial, nevertheless fortune hunter who
had won her and her money; for love him she
certainly did, with the whole soul of her
passionate nature. But he, the different hus-
band, raised from penury to luxury by her
love, thought it not worth the while to feign
a love he did not feel, and so was fashionably
cool and civil; she, with heart aflame for the
words of love that had won her, freely gave
him everything. Is life over when one is
married? Are there no trials, no bitter heart
pangs, no sufferings to bear? As for Tom
Dudley, he had no particular design or plan
before him, no energetic wickedness ruffed
his indolence. He gave dinners and parties
which he made splendid with great outlay of
money, and he was proud of the beautiful
woman who did the honors of his house; but
he understood not her character, it was not in
the scope of his perception. What cared he
for love, and more especially for that of his
wife. Every night the club rooms on Broad-
way were visited by him, and betting and card
playing divided his time with smoking and
drinking. Everybody loses that bet and
plays, and when Dudley, claginated at his
losses, drank deep and long, the patient
woman who waited until morning for him often
helped him upstairs and prepared the soulless
body for bed."

"The proudest woman in this world bent
herself to this ignominy and what sustained
her? Love! She still hoped this man had a
heart; she thought he won her for herself,
not her money. Oh! what faith in her tender
heart! If love lives through life, survives
sorrow, remains steadfast in straits, even dies
not when fixed upon an unworthy object, is
it not then immortal? She shielded him and
guarded him with her holy love. What sor-
rows she passed through God only knows.
For a few years she had only those of the
mind to bear. Clothed, fed and warmed, she
saw her children educated, and strove to fit
them to bear the burdens of life; but, as
time passed, her husband began to show the
ragings of dissipation; the once handsome
face was faded and swollen, the erect, firm
limb, unsteady and tottering. Poverty began
to creep upon them, luxuries were dispensed
with, then comforts, finally necessities; but
she was determined, a father's altar, and his
glass of brandy and his cigar. His wife
sold most of the furniture of the house to sup-
ply comforts, her husband constantly grum-
bling that he was deprived of this or that
thing he loved. Always in a state of oblivion,
as to their real needs, he could never by any
means be made to realize that money was not
to be had."

"One night in the very depth of the cold
winter of 18—, as I was descending from my
carriage at the Opera House in Astor Palace,
a woman, scantily clothed, brushed past my
husband, and in a trembling voice, entreating
for the love of God for help. Without
money at the time, shivering with cold, and
a little impatient, I made no reply; but, when
seated in my box, the thought of that woman
haunted me, and, speaking to my father I
urged his going out in the attempt to find her.
Never dead to the calls of the poor and suf-
fering, he went, although his favorite singer
had just appeared. No one was to be seen,
but the doorman told him that he had noticed
a woman who had approached several car-
riages, been repulsed, and then, after hesitat-
ing and looking up at the brilliantly illumined
windows, had crossed into the Bowery and
disappeared. My husband followed, and pass-
ing a drinking saloon, observed a crowd and
went in. There sat a woman, thin, poorly
clad, with glasses before her, while the oppo-
site side of the table was occupied by his
once friend, Tom Dudley. Raising her glass,
she shook it aloft, and shouted 'Drink, drink,
everything!'" She drained it at a draught.
"She's crazy, poor thing!" said another; and
a soft-hearted star sat, laying his hand gen-
tly upon her, "My good woman, come with
me; you shall not want." "Look not thou
upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth
its color in the cups, when it merrily itself
glows! At the last it biteth like a serpent,
and stingeth like an adder. Aye, stingeth!"
husband, go home to your wives, your wretch-
ed, hungry, despairing wives, fall down on
your knees, and swear never again to touch
the devilish tempter. Fathers, go home to
your cold beds, to the shivering ones, who
are supperless, sleepless, and weary, feed,
clothe, and the God of Mercy shall smile up-
on you." "Take that woman off, policeman,
she's drunk and has not paid her tax!"
said the barker, who, in the absurd
fury and watery eyes of those around him,
read a profitless night and scanty receipts.
Your father and the friendly policeman com-
panied her home—in the filthiest part of
Orange Street, in a dark, damp basement,
three children were sleeping, partly covered
with straw. The tears which they had shed
were still wet upon their cheeks, and the little
blue arms and feet were cold as marble to the
touch. "Look at those children, made of us
and us, a blood as your own, she said turning
to your father; taken from school to be
with the vilest of the vile, polluted, crushed
and broken, because their father, your friend,
Thomas Dudley, loves the wine cup—he loves
his ease, his comfort, the warm room, the
easy chair, and leaves us to starve and freeze
on nights like this. Ho! ho! the wine is
ruddy red. Come, children, she said, shaking
each little sleeper roughly; "come to me, to
drink, to food, come where father warms
himself, where he goes surely his family may
find protection." And with a long sob of
agony and exhaustion she sank down upon the
straw with her little ones. The cold, the ex-
citement, and the brandy she had drunk, over-
came her, and she lay in a deep swoon.
A fire was made, and comforts were procured,
but your father did nothing to rouse her to
life. From a poor kind-hearted widow who
lived in the next room he learned that the

key, and put it (amidst the tittering of the
witnesses, whom the landlord had called in) in
his pocket.
Seizing the hand of his trembling bride, he
said—
Go on now from where you left off; put us
thru and no dodging. It'll be all right; it'll
be all right; it'll be all right; it'll be all right;
as the saying is—
After reflecting for a moment, the person
concluded to run the risk of the informality,
so he continued—
You promise, Madam, to take this man to be
your lawful husband?
Yess, said the Yankee, the lady bowed.
That you will love, honor and obey him?
Them's 'em, said Jonathan, 'as 'as bowed
again.
And that you will, cling to him, as long as
you both shall live?
That's the talk, stick to one another all
the day, said the Yankee, as he said.
Then in the presence of these witnesses I
pronounce you man and wife.
Hoorah! shouted Jonathan. What's the
price? (The person seemed to hesitate.)
How much I put it out! Don't be afraid.
You did it like a book. Here's a V. Never
mind change. Send for a hark, landlady,
give us your bill. I've got her!—Hail Co-
lumbus!

The poor fellow seemed to be entirely un-
able to control his joy; and ten minutes af-
terward he was on his way to the Railway
station with his wife, the happiest man out of
jail, said the eye-witness who described the
scene.

A Bad Fix.
Once on a time in the village of B—
in the State of Mass., lived a benighted man
of seventeen whom we will call Fanny
Lover, and George B— was her accepted
lover. The course of true love runs smooth,
and in due process of time came the usual
happy termination of their wooing, and the
twain made one, by the benediction of the
local church.

They were married early one summer's
morning, and the same day travelled cozily
and happily together to New York as the first
stage of their wedding tour. As a compen-
sation, a younger brother of the bride, a mis-
chievous young rascal, accompanied them,
and well it would have been for the happy
pair, if they had trusted themselves to their
own society, and left James at home to
attend to the school and snow ball the school-
master.

Well, the party arrived at the St. Nicholas
Hotel. While George was dutifully at-
tending to the comfort of his young wife,
James, in the performance of his duties as
groomsmen, went to the office of the hotel
to enter their names and select appropriate
apartments. Pen in hand, a brilliant idea
struck him, and in pursuance thereof, he
entered their names on the register thus—
James L—
Miss Fanny L—
George B—

Fanny retired early, being somewhat fa-
tigated with travel. George smoked his ci-
gar for an hour or two, and dreamed of his
bachelorhood, we suppose, and finally he re-
quested to be shown to his apartments. An
obsequious waiter came with candle in hand,
and asked what number it was.

With the lady who came with me," re-
plied George.
The waiter smiled, hesitated, and then ap-
proached an exquisitely dressed clerk, who
repeated the question.
With the lady who arrived here with me,"
George answered again, blushing to the
tips of his ears.

The clerk smiled, and shook his head as if
in pity at the young man's ignorance.
"It won't do, sir, you have mistaken the
house, sir. Such things are not allowed here."
"Won't do? Why, I only want to go to bed!"
"That you may certainly do—in your own
room, sir, but not in the lady's apartment,
sir."

"The lady's apartment! Why, that lady
is my wife!"
The clerk bowed ironically. "All very
fine, sir, but it won't go down, sir; here is
the entry key."
George looked at the register, and there
was the entry, sure enough—"Miss Fanny
L—"
George B—

He saw the whole secret at a glance; he
protested and entreated—but it was no use.
He called on James to witness his veracity,
but James was nowhere to be found. The
bystanders laughed, and the clerk was in-
extinguishable; and the poor fellow was forced
to his solitary chamber, to pass his bridal night
involuntarily in the whole class of
"respectable houses" and younger brothers.
How George justified his conduct to the
disconsolate Fanny, this veritable history
doth not state.

Jonathan and his Bride,
AT A FASHIONABLE HOTEL.
At one of our fashionable hotels, the other
day, among the arrivals was one of the genus
verdant—a regular not to be mistaken Jon-
athan—with eyes wide open at the novelty
he met at every turn. He had brought with
him his better half, a strapping, flaxen-haired
lass, bedecked with a profusion of ribbons and
cheap jewelry. They had evidently "come
down to spend the honeymoon," and Jon-
athan had no doubt "darned the expense."

The first morning after their arrival, the
servant was thrown into hysterics by a verdant
mistake. Jonathan's bell rang furiously, and
he demanded to see the landlady. That func-
tionary having made his appearance, he was
hailed with—
"How art you—how d'ye daw, old fel-
low! Me and Fannie find all right here—
gives a fellow a bit of a feeling; but I say old
boss, we want a wash-bowl and a towel, to take
off the dust outside—when I'll come down
and take a little New-England with you."

"Here are all the conveniences for wash-
ing, sir," said the landlady, stepping to a mi-
shogony sink and raising the lid.
"Gosh, all Potomac!" exclaimed our Yan-
kee, who'd ever thought of that "table's
opinion" on top that way!"
Nothing further occurred until the hour for
breakfast, when the verdant couple were se-
ated at the table, and Jonathan having buried his
throat by drinking his coffee hot, and attempt-

ed to help himself to an omelet, with his fin-
gers, finally had his attention attracted to some
fish balls, which are as everybody knows, fish
and potatoes minced together, rolled into
balls, about as large as an ordinary sized apple,
and cooked brown. Having procured
the dish that contained them, by means of a
servant, he helped himself and partner to one
each, and grasping the precious morsel firmly
in hand, Jonathan opening his capacious mouth
took a bite from his; when suddenly disgorging
the morsel, with an expression of much
disappointment, he turned to his bride and ex-
claimed—
"I swear, Fannie, these doughnuts are
nothing but codfish and faters!"

Dipping into the Gravy.
We were not long since much amused by
a couple of Hoosier girls who came on board
the steamer, at the little town of M.
Vernon, Ind. They had evidently never
been a thousand miles from home, and were
making their first trip on a steamer. The
elder one, was exceedingly talkative, and
perfectly free and unconcerned, without re-
gard to the many eyes, that were scanning
her movements. The other was of the op-
posite turn of mind, inclining to bashfulness.
At dinner, our ladies were honored with a
seat at the head of the table, and the elder
one, with her usual independence, cut her
bread into small pieces, and with her fork
reached over and enrolled each mouthful in
the nice dressing on a plate of beefsteak be-
fore her. The passengers preserved their
gravity during the operation by dint of
great effort. Perceiving that her sister was
not very forward in helping herself, she
turned round to her, and exclaimed, loud
enough to be heard by half the table—
"S'il, dip into the gravy; dad pays as
much as any on 'em!"

This was followed by a general roar, in
which the captain led off. The girls arrived
at their place of destination before sup-
per, and when they left the boat all hands
gave three cheers for the girls of the
Hoosier State.

The Marriage Feud.
The late Dr. Boynton was once disputing
with a farmer about the ease with which a
minister earned some money.
"Now," said the farmer, "when you are
called on to marry a couple, you never ex-
pect a less sum than three dollars, and you
sometimes get ten dollars—this for a few
minutes' service."

"Pooh!" replied the doctor, "I would
agree to give you half of my very next
marriage fee for a bushel of potatoes."
"Very well," said the farmer, "I'll take
your offer and send you the potatoes."

A few days afterwards the doctor was
called on to splice a loving couple at Long-
town, a place about four miles from where
he lived. When the ceremony was over
the bridegroom said to the worthy minister:
"Well, parson, I s'pose I must fork over
something for your trouble. What do you
say to taking one of the tarrier pups? The
best breed, I tell you, in the country. Shock
ing nice to have in the barn. Worth tull
five dollars—and I s'pose a figure'd 2 would
do for the splice, eh?"

"The doctor took the pup with joy. The
joke was too good; he hastened to the far-
mer, saying—
"Now, friend, here is my fee—how shall
we divide it?"
The farmer relished the joke so well that
he increased the potatoes to half-a-dozen
bushels.

A CURSE FOR LOVE.—Take twelve ounces
of dilute, one pound of resolution, two
ounces of the powder of Experience, a large
sprig of Time, 14 drachms of quinine of in-
dignation, two quarts of the cooling of consid-
eration, mix up together. Set them over
the fire of love, sweeten them with the sug-
ar of forgetfulness, skin them with the
spoon of Melancholy, cork them with the
cork of a sound conscience, and then let
them remain. Instantly apply it to the bot-
tom of your heart, and you will be partly
restored to your senses again.

These things are to be had of the apothec-
ary, at the house of understanding next
door to reason, in prudent street, in the pa-
rish of Contentment.

CHILDREN PLAYING WITH A BEAR.—Mr.
Atkinson heard the following story in his
Siberian rambles:
"Two children, one four, and the other six
years old, rambled away from their friends,
who were hawking. They had gone from
one thicket to another gathering fruit, laugh-
ing and enjoying the fun. At last they came
near a bear lying on the grass, and without
the slightest apprehension, went up to him.
He looked at them steadily, without moving;
at length they began playing with him, and
mounted upon his back, to which he submitted
with perfect good humor. In short, both
seemed inclined to be pleased with each other;
indeed the children were delighted with
their new play-fellow. The parents, missing
the truant, became alarmed, and followed on
their tracks. They were not long in search-
ing out the spot, when to their dismay, they
beheld one child sitting on the bear's back,
and the other feeding him with fruit! They
called quickly, when the youngsters ran to
their friends, and Brain, apparently not liking
the interruption, went away into the forest."

**MAN AND WOMAN TAKEN AND FEATH-
ERED IN MICHIGAN.**—One night last week,
as we learn from the Lapeer (Mich.) Re-
publican, a disgraceful outrage, was perpet-
rated in that place. It appears that a man
and woman but recently arrived there, and
keeping a saloon, were suspected of being
rather loose in their habits. Consequently a
party

1. The first step is to identify the problem or question that needs to be answered. This involves understanding the context and the specific requirements of the task.

the blockade of Canton River by the
The difficulty has arisen between the
Government and the Swiss Confed-
on the subject of refugees. The
is are said not to be disposed to confine
gees in the interior.
The Bank of France reduced its rate of
from 5 to 4 per cent.
France would accept a British agent
China.

RUSSIA.
Prince and Princess Frederick William
to their public entry into Berlin on
Their reception was enthusiastic, and
displayed vigils. The King of Prussia
to proceed to Cannes, in France,
for the benefit of his health.

SPAIN.
The Spanish authorities have discovered a
revolutionary plot at Madrid. Licen-
ces of revolutionaries, arms, and ammunition
were seized in a house close proximi-
ty to the palace.

INDIA.
The Hindustani arrived at Suez on the
instinct. She brings cargo from Calcutta
the 8th of January, and Calcutta on the 29th
ember, and Bombay to the 18th of Janu-
ry.
Sir Colin Campbell has taken possession
of Lucknow, which was abandoned by the
emy on the 2nd of January; and Gooch-
was taken on the 6th of January by the
Major, Major-General, J. H. Dabod-
gen guns were taken, and 200 of the en-
my killed. Our loss was only two. Gooch
is killed and severely wounded.
The intelligence is generally of a cheer-
ful character. The direct roads between
hi and Calcutta have now opened. General
can move his four thousand strong, con-
tained safely posted at the Alumbagh. The
troops were bringing supplies into the
Alumbagh, and had been introduced for unit-
ing the Meerut and Delhi divisions to the
frontier. The Lieutenant Governorship is
given to Sir John Lawrence.

CHINA.
The forces landed at Canton on the 28th of
ember, were 4,600 British and 9,000
Chinese.
On the 29th the walls were escaladed and
heights within the town were in our pos-
session by 9 A.M. The advance within the
city was not so easily effected as the damage
to the town was very small.
Captain Blane of Her Majesty's ship
Eclair was killed.
The following despatch is from the
General:
Bombardment of Canton commenced at
11 P.M. on the 28th of December, and was
continued during the whole of the night and
day. The assault on three divisions, two
English and one French, was given at six
o'clock on the morning of the 29th. Ga-
shah's fort was taken at two o'clock and
five minutes. The Chinese continue their fire
from the houses, but the troops were restrain-
ed from entering the city.

CALCUTTA, JANUARY 8th.
The Calcutta export markets were look-
ing up. The import market was likewise
brighter of Teah had undergone con-
siderable decline at Hong Kong, which had
received large settlements. Salt had declined
in price.

LIVERPOOL MARKETS.
Cotton advanced one-eighth. Broadstuffs
and unchanged. Provisions dull. Mon-
ey more demand. Consols 92½.

DAILY.
Newmarket, on Monday the 8th inst., Mr.
Henry Whitney Good, eldest Son of Lieutenant B.
Good, R.N., after a long and painful illness, aged
years.

SPECIAL NOTICES.
WILL YOU DARE?—Why will you neglect
that disease which is taking such deep root, and
which gives you warning by that hacking cough,
or that you are fast ripening for, eternity? Why ac-
cuse fate of this pain in the chest, the rising of blood,
the burning, or the excruciating heat, or the difficult breathing?
Is it merely silent whisper in your ear that something
must be done to save you from the grave of the
consumptive? Try our Cough Cure carefully by permit-
ting it to remain in your system, and hasten
to the remedy to reduce no traveiler ever yet
harmed!

COUGH THAT DREADFUL COUGH!
Death must carry you to your silent grave.
If, death will take you there is yeups! Consumption
caused by impure humors the blood being de-
stroyed by the scales of the liver. Hence the lungs
like a spring water well vented by the dirt
fluids, if clear water constantly flows through
spindles, impurities or mud will be conveyed
by the pure water. But so with the blood
kept in a clean or purer state, as it constantly
flows through the lungs, it carries away all cor-
rupt matter, and perfect health will be the result.
From two to four pills taken every night or every
other night, or enough to keep the bowels regular,
will be a reasonable cure. These pills contain
among them pills are used more than all others, is
because they are made of purifying vegetables, and
they cleanse the body from all corrupted matter, and
restore it to a reasonable state of good health, and
restoration of every disposition, colder and
warmer.

Morrison's Indian Root Pills are equally sold
Druggists in Medicine.

NEWMARKET MARKETS.
Newmarket, Feb. 26th, 1858.
WHEAT, 70 cts. a 50 cts.
SPRING WHEAT, 55 cts. a 55 cts.
FLOUR, 33 a 33 75 cts.
Rye, 40 cts.
Oats, 25 cts.
BARLEY, 40 cents a 50 cts.
Corn, \$1 15
Hemp, Tub, 13 cts.; Roll 15 cts in trade.
Beck, 33 a 34, per 100 lbs., according to
quality.
Potatoes, plenty 40 cts.
Apples, 13 cts per dozen.
Cheese, prime, 12 cts a 15 cts per lb;
Cheddar Wagon, \$1 75 cts for green; 12 for dry.

TORONTO MARKETS.
Toronto, Feb. 25th 1858.
WHEAT, 74½ cts for good shipping wheat
less an active as usual. Yesterday a few
lots moved off at 75½ cts (1st 74½ cts). Yet
greater bulk of 5,000 bushels were bought at
the day previous.
FLOUR.—There is no change observable in
four markets. Quotations continue at \$3 50
per bushel for Fancy, and \$4 to \$4 10
Extra.
BARLEY comes on more freely. Sales are re-
lated at 35 to 50 cts (1st 34 to 35)—good bar-
ley selling at 45 to 50 cts (1st 34 to 35) per
bushel, 50 cts to 55 cts.
OATS.—The market for dressed oats more freely, at
35 to 40 cts per bushel of 60 lbs.
SPRING WHEAT, except of strictly prime sam-
ples for seed, is not so much inquired for, and
as yet has hardly an high as last week. The
wheat named now at 35 to 70 cts (1st 34 to 35) 6d
bushel. For feed, 75 to 80 cts (1st 34 to 35)
bushel.
OATS are without change. The demand is
fairly but not in excess of the supply, and prices
main firm at 25 to 28 cts (1st 24 to 25) per
bushel.
PRAS.—are inquired for at 45 to 50 cts (2nd 34
to 35) per bushel. The supply is not large.
POTATOES.—The market for dressed has against
a buyers' sale. During the week here
on effected at 50 to 55 cts per 100 lbs.

